

THE CONFERENCE COMMITTEE'S REPORT ON THE INTERNAL REVENUE BILL.—The Committee of Conference on the Internal Revenue Bill will probably pass both Houses. There were but few disagreements on the subject of taxation, which have been comprehended as follows: On raw cotton, three cents per pound. The income tax is finally fixed just as it is in the law, *nam scilicet* 3 per cent.

The cigar tax is as follows: On cigarettes, short sizes, twisted heads and cheroots, valued at not over \$8 per 1,000, a tax of \$2 per 1,000 on cigarettes cheroots, and cigars valued at over \$8 and not over \$12 per 1,000, \$4 per 1,000; and when valued at over \$12 per 1,000, \$4 per thousand, and 20 per cent. ad

viators on the value on over the said \$13 The tax on tobacco is finally fixed as follows: On snuff, manufactured or any substitute for tobacco, ground, dry or damp, pickled, scented, or otherwise, of all descriptions when prepared for use or sale a tax of 40 cents per pound; on Chondrich, plug, twist, and all other kinds of manufactured tobacco, not otherwise provided for, a tax of 40 cents per pound, on tobacco twisted by hand, or reduced from leaf into a condition to be consumed without the use of

any machine or instrument, and not pressed, sweetened or otherwise prepared, and on fine-cut shag a tax of thirty cents per pound; on fine-cut chewing tobacco, whether manufactured with the stems in or not, or however sold, whether loose, in bulk, or in rolls, packages, wafers, wrappers or boxes, a tax of 40 cents per pound; on smoking tobacco, sweetened, stemmed or buttered, a tax of 40 cents per pound; on smokeless tobacco,

of all kinds, not sweetened, nor steamed, nor
batted, including that made of stems, and
imitations thereof, a tax of fifteen cents per
pound.

HEALTH OF MR. DAVIS.—A gentleman of
Richmond, who has recently visited Mr.
Davis by permission of the authorities, and
whom the Times says, is "of distinction
and scrupulous veracity," has written to that
paper, as follows, concerning his health:

He is very sensitive, has difficulty in walking upright; "his stomachs has lost its tone" to use his physician's language, and altogether he is but a wreck of what he was when in Richmond. And this condition is much aggravated by his place of confinement. He has the freedom of the fort during the day, and remains with his wife in the casemate appropriated to her, but at sunset he is locked in his room in Carroll Hall, and guarded by sentinels on each side of the room. A brilliant light is kept shining in

the grated door, and the reflection on the white walls of his room, united with the noise inseparable from the duties of the guards, keep him awake and restless. He gains no flesh, and the constant irritation to which his nervous system is subjected by being watched and guarded serves to prevent him from improving.

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FALLEN CALVES, BOSONS AND PLUMPER.—A Mississippi paper has the following: The false calves are rendered necessary by the

new style of "tilting hoops," which go very far toward exposing what was before only dreamed of, or existed only in imagination. In the language of an exchange:

"These calves are not a beeting show,
For man's illusion given.
They're filled with bran, or stuffed with tow
And swell about a foot or so,
And look first-rate, by heaven."

The false bonoms are made of fine wire, in the shape of a bird's nest, with a small

The plumpers are fastened on the teeth in such a manner as to make the face look round and plump, and are calculated to deceive the unsuspecting. Young gentlemen need have no fears as regards the ladies in this section—they are all right, and need no artificial fixings—but we do advise them never to marry a Yankee girl without a full investigation.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT IN A NUT-SHELL—There are no less than seventy propositions before Congress to amend the Constitution, all having for their aim the elevation of the African. The following, says an exchange, would cover the ground sought to be gained by the proposed amendments:

1. Every freedman shall have a bureau for himself, with a looking-glass on the top, if he want it.
2. Every freedman shall have a constant

2. Every freedman shall have a wardrobe.
3. Every freed boy or girl shall have a wardrobe.
4. Every freed child shall have whatever it craves for.
5. White people, whether free or not, must behave themselves.
6. Every white male citizen of the age of twenty-one years or under, and of sound mind or otherwise, may vote if he will take the oath that he would be a negro if he could.

THAT AS GOSPEL.—The Charlottesville Chronicle thus gets off its disgust at the unanimity with which people expect its editor to be all things to all men:

"Praise—universal praise—an American editor is expected to praise every commonwealth that is turned in a circus and every speech that is made in a temperance meeting. If one of your neighbors puts up a new gutter to a public building, the editor is to tell the people to look at that gutter—was there ever such a gutter before? If a workman while-

washes somebody's stable, he must compare it to the freecoring of an Italian palace. If a farmer bores a hole in a gate-post and fastens the gate with a pin, he must describe it as a wonderful art in fencing. If a village boy carries the head of an old man on the handle of an old umbrella, his father carries the work of art to the editor's closet and mildly suggests that 'the boy ought to be encouraged.'

A Dutchman once being called upon to testify in court as a witness, exhibited a singular confusion as to his own identity. The usual question being asked, "What is your name?" he replied, "Well, I call myself Fred, but maybe so—I don't know—it is Yacpuc. You see, chudge, mine mother she have two little boys; one of them was me and one was my brother, or one was my brother and other was me—I don't know which; and I was chum as old as my brother was young, or my brother was chum as old as I was young."

me I don't know which, and mine modder she don't; and one of us was named Fred and the other Yawmp, or one named Yawmp and the other Fred I don't know which; and one of us got died, but mine modder she never could tell whether it was me or mine brother; what got died; so, chudee, I don't know whether I am Fred or Yawmp, and mine modder she don't know."

The Buffalo Commercial calls upon citizens to make a constitutional amendment by ceasing to use his shirt collar as a funnel—*Buffalo's* drink.

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